

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

The perfect woman who has been found among the 400 girl students of Cornell university overruns many old-fashioned notions. She is not a farm girl, but city bred, yet she is studying agriculture for a profession. She does not eat candy. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 171 pounds. The young lady of the fashionable novel 50 years ago had a waist that could be spanned with the two hands, meaning some 16 inches, wrought by painful artifice; naturally she fainted at least once in every chapter and had to be restored with smelling salts after cutting her corset strings. Cornell's perfect woman has a 30.3-inch waist and a chest measure 42 inches larger, about the proportions of the Venus of Milo. She has never fainted; has never been ill at all. Gone is the girl who used to chew slate pencils to make her face white and was never seen abroad without her veil and parasol. Forgotten is the maxim that "the finest women, like the finest flowers, are raised under glass." The American girl of today, if gifted with the leisure, plays tennis and golf and courts sunlight; the chances are about five to one that she cannot possibly squeeze herself into her grandmother's wedding gown, says the New York World. In this great transformation favorable environment and plenty of food have scarcely had more to do than active habits and the growth of sensible ideas of physical well-being.

Some years ago, in the district of Jalpaigori, Bengal, there was a sudden epidemic of petty thefts and burglaries, says the Strand. The police, completely baffled for some time, finally arrested an individual on suspicion, who, after a preliminary masterful investigation, was remanded in custody with a view to further inquiries as to his antecedents. On being searched, a police officer, suspecting he had something concealed in his mouth, ordered him to open it, when, embedded round one of his back teeth, was found a hard substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a small, semi-circular clasp-knife. The suspect, who had hitherto protested his innocence, now made a full confession, and eventually turned out to be a member of the notorious criminal tribe of "Burwars" from the district of Gonda, in Oudh, and had already been convicted of fourteen previous offenses! He admitted that the knife had been specially made for him, and that he used it for cutting open holes of cloth and also for pocket picking.

The death of a young college professor in Paris from an overdose of morphine administered hypodermically has led to a movement for the rigid administration of the law regulating the sale of morphine. The morphine habit is said to be at its worst among the young women frequenters of the night cafes and dance halls in the Montmartre district and in collegiate circles in the Latin quarter. There is a possibility of the arrest on a charge of homicide of a student of the higher Normal college who is said to have administered the drug to the dead professor. All over the world there is a growing use of so-called habit-forming drugs. To fight it effectively is a problem which seems to be every where unsolved.

A Parisian judge has decided that a woman must not pay more for her clothes than she does for rent. The way in which masculine wisdom is exercising itself in deciding matters of dress for women is another strong argument why such vital feminine affairs should not be left to men whose minds cannot naturally be disinterested on the subject.

The public service towel has followed the public service drinking cup into banishment. It is about time for some of the sentimentalists to be raising a voice in protest against this persecution of poor germs that are being steadily driven from every possible lodging place and thrown on the cruel mercy of a strictly scientific and sanitary world.

Dr. Carrel, the surgeon whose experiments have started the world was held up by the custom house of fideals and put through a rigid investigation. He is prepared to certify their efficiency as vivisectioners.

Now some reformers want legislation in Massachusetts to keep women from smoking cigarettes. One of the favorite occupations of humanity—that of straining at gnats and swallowing camels—has not yet ceased to be popular, with freak legislators.

Aeroplane may be used at sea for the purpose of discovering submerged submarines. Submarines have to come ashore to be safe, any way.

Admiral Dewey gives outdoor exercise and abstinence from banquets as the recipe for keeping young in one's seventies. The conqueror of Manila evidently knows how to conquer other things, and his advice is worth the taking.

A Parisian is now trying to figure out the age of a seagull with an iron wire dated 1875 on its leg. It may be forty, three years old, but it smacks

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston
Illustrations by V. Barnes

COPYRIGHT 1911
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrah to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, author for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrah, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found at eight of which General Farrah is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall's room and find an address. Louis Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address. Look Box it, Andrew N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)
The dry, matter-of-fact way in which he recited the facts he had learned added to the value of his narrative. More and more I marveled at the man's detective ability. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own incapacity. All day long the coroner, the constable and I had been trying to ferret out the mystery of the unfortunate woman's identity with deductions from the inspector in a very few minutes had not only learned her identity, but many other important facts about her. Nor did it occur to me to doubt the truth of his information. The assurance with which he spoke was in itself a sufficient guarantee.

"How on earth did you learn all this so quickly?" I asked in amazement.
He smiled with that grim tantalizing smile of his that I had seen before. His cigarette had burned itself to a stub as he spoke. He turned it carefully in his fingers, inspecting it as if to see whether he could extract another puff before throwing it away. He finally decided that he could not, and drew forth his cigarette papers and tobacco, preparatory to rolling a new one. Meanwhile I awaited his answer in suspense.

"Go on," I continued. "Tell me about it. I must know how you did it."
"The principal part of a magician's art," he said as he lighted his new cigarette, "lies in what is called 'misdirection.' With a glance from his eyes, with a sudden movement of his hand he attracts your attention to his right side. Meanwhile his left is doing the trick. Now, misdirection, in my business, has just the opposite effect. Amateurs, in investigating crime, examine the evidence and see clues pointing in some direction. They follow those clues and find themselves floundering. They have the right clues, but they go in the wrong direction. You read the evidence aright as to Miss Sackett coming from Bridgeport, but all your efforts to locate her as Mary Jane Teller were simply a waste of time. In the clothes she left behind her was her real name."

"Look here," I said, "you can't string me in that fashion. I myself examined those garments closely. There was no name in them and there were no marks by which she could be identified."

"Is that so?" There was deep sarcasm in his tone.
"And not only that, even if I overlooked any marks that might have been there, the landlord, the coroner, the constable and half a dozen others examined them closely. If there were any marks, some one of us surely would have discovered them."

For answer he got up leisurely and walked across to a chair where the garments were still lying. He picked up the skirt and held it by the lower hem.

"Look closely at it," he commanded.

"Do you see nothing there?" I scanned the dusty cloth intently and shook my head. He picked up the coat and offered it gravely for my inspection, even turning it inside out, sleeves and all.

"Well, what of it?" I exclaimed impatiently. "I can't see anything there either."

"Can't you?" he asked over-pleasantly. "That's where I found the woman's name."

Again I took up both garments and studied them, but I was positive that there was no name of any sort or anything to indicate a name. I felt that he must be simply jesting with me.

"You can't fool me," I exclaimed. "I would wager you a thousand dollars to five hundred that coat and skirt do not differ in the slightest from hundreds of other coats and skirts worn by hundreds of other women."

"You lose," he responded tersely. With one finger he began to trace an almost invisible line on the goods where there had once been a seam. "Do you see that mark?"

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed that long ago. It simply means that the skirt has been lengthened or shortened, but what of it?"

"It means more than that," he answered almost severely, as if reproaching me for my lack of observation. "It means that a thirty-eight skirt has been lengthened an inch and a half. Look at this coat. The sleeves have been lengthened two inches. It is a thirty-eight coat. Can't you see how simple the problem has become?"

"I confess I can't see it at all."

"Let me tell it for you. A woman who cannot jump back again tallers when the water got in."

from somewhere in Connecticut buys a black suit of a rather peculiar texture from a cloak and suit house that receives a great many mail orders. She requires a thirty-eight coat with sleeves lengthened two inches and a thirty-eight skirt let down an inch and a half. That's enough to identify any person."

"I must confess I still don't see how that knowledge will help you."

"In these days of system every house that sells women's garments has elaborate card indexes. The greatest expense they have is in alterations. They figure that a roll of cloth that costs so much will make so many suits of a certain pattern which they will sell for so much in a certain length of time. They figure on making so much profit on the suits. If the cloth is all right, the pattern popular and the price reasonable, they can figure to a certainty on their profits, except for one factor—alterations. Alterations require the time of skilled work-people and also correspondence and frequently extra express charges.

The aim of the manager is to reduce alteration to a minimum. For that reason he keeps a record of every alteration made. This particular dress happened to come from a store where I know the manager well. It is their busy season just now, and I took a chance on finding him in his office. I described the goods in the suit, gave him the size and the sort of alterations that had been made on it and asked him to have his card index looked up. I told him in all probability the woman I wanted to know about came from Bridgeport, Conn., or near there. It happened that only three of the eight suits they had made from this piece of goods—at least the only ones entered on the alteration cards—had gone to Connecticut. Of the three, two were thirty-six coats, so they could be eliminated at once. The third one had had the sleeves lengthened and also the skirt. The sizes corresponded, so there was very little doubt that it had been this woman who had bought it, Miss Sarah Sackett, the woman who committed suicide here."

"But even so," I protested, still marveling at his revelations, "how did you get the rest of your information about her so quickly?"
"The address she had given was 'in care of the express agent' at Bridgeport. Such an address in a large city would mean nothing, but in a place the size of Bridgeport the inference was plain that the agent was probably

End of His Masquerade.
A wedding is about to take place in the German capital between a nursing sister and a young man who has been living the life of a beautiful and accomplished "lady" assistant in a leading wholesale coal firm. The assistant, who was given power of attorney by "her" employers as a reward for "her" several years of faithful service, recently had to go to the hospital on account of an accident. The physicians were astonished to discover that their patient was a man instead of a woman. It was only a day or two before he fell violently in love with the nurse who was attending him, and a marriage was arranged. A few days ago, the office assistant resumed "her" duties but clad in a fashionable morning coat and trousers instead of in a tight skirt and blouse.

Serious Misquotations.
A remark by the late Lord Lister led to his being wrongly identified with the "no bath" faddists, who avoid soap and water because they believe in the protective value of an unwashed skin. In a lecture Lord Lister said: "I never wash my hands"—the rhetorical point was accompanied with laughter—"immediately before an operation, but soak them in a solution of carbolic acid." The idea was that if soap, an alkali, were used, it would interfere with the antiseptic action of the acid. But only the first part of the sentence got into the papers.

Build Tiger Proof Houses
Malay Natives Perch Their Houses High Up in Trees to Escape Beasts.

The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high; but one which I came across was perched high up in a tree. It was the home of a man, his wife and family, and they informed me that it was placed in this unusual situation so as to be out of the way of the numerous tigers which then infested the neighborhood.

As tigers have been known to jump 18 feet in vertical height somewhere above 20 feet is considered to be the limit of safety. The Malayan house in a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan thatched with palm leaves and walled with plaited bamboo, or, as in this case, with the bark of a tree.

It is therefore an easy matter for a tiger with its great strength to break into a house and attack the inhabitants. Many instances of this have been recorded in Malaya. In one well known case a whole family were killed except one man, who climbed up into the roof, and thus escaping the notice of the tiger, was a horrified observer of the cruel mauling and ultimate slaughter and devouring of his relatives.—Strand.

Why Incubator Chicks Die
Groves Tasteless Chill Tonic Combines both in Tasteless form. The Quinine drives out Malaria and the Iron builds up the System. For Adults and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, recognized for 30 years throughout the South as the standard Malaria, Chills and Fever Remedy, and General Strengthening Tonic. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic, but you do not taste the bitter because the ingredients do not dissolve in the mouth but do dissolve readily in the acids of the stomach. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE on every box. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Why Incubator Chicks Die
Write for book setting young chicks. Send us names of 7 friends that use incubators and get "Free" "Mailed" "Egg" "Book" "and" "Chick" "Samples" without changing his position. To locate trouble in an automobile.

There's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones, as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech."

"It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh. "It's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck"—P. L. P.

No inventor has been able to produce a noiseless flat wheel as yet.

How many foreign languages can Jones talk.
"Well, he says he understands everything his baby says."

HAIR CAME OUT BY HANDFUL
58 Lewis St., Nashville, Tenn.—
"About three years ago I had the malaria fever, and when I recovered my hair was falling out so that the doctor told me to cut it off. My hair came out by the handful, and I had dandruff so that I had to scratch it out every week, and my scalp itched so that I pulled my hair all down trying to scratch it. I tried—and—and—but they failed to do any good. At last I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment."

"First I combed my hair out, made a parting on the side and rubbed my scalp with the Cuticura Ointment. The next morning I washed with the Cuticura Soap and water, and continued until the third application gave a complete cure." (Signed) Miss Nellie M. Currin, Dec. 6, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. J., Boston." Adv.

"I don't see, though," I objected, "how anything that you have learned in any way connects this woman with the Farrah mystery."
"I told you there would be other suicides, didn't I?"
"It looks to me like a mere coincidence."

"How about the yellow letter she was reading?"
I started. For a moment I had forgotten the strange, tinted little that seemed to bind the Farrah tragedy, the Elser case and the Sarah Sackett suicide together in the terrible chain of mystery.

"We've got to find Hugh Crandall!" I exclaimed. "I will not be content until we do. There is no doubt in my mind that he is the author of those letters. We've got to find him, Davis, and make him explain. I promised the girl I love I would not rest until I had cleared away the mystery, until I had lifted the cloud that is hanging over her father and her sister. Nothing, nothing shall stand in the way! Think what it means to me! The one I love, the one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world, is living in constant dread of an unknown terror. I feel that Crandall is responsible. I am positive that he is guilty. Help me find him, Davis! We must find him!"

"As I spoke Davis sat regarding me with unmoved countenance. He puffed leisurely at his cigarette two or three times, and then, with cutting asperity, without the slightest indication of sympathy for my anxiety, said slowly:

"Harding, I told you that one of the reasons for my success was that I never undertake anything that I can not accomplish. I came out here to find the man who has been using the mails illegally to terrorize people to such an extent that they are driven to suicide. I am confident that we will quickly locate him and his accomplice in crime. Rest assured that you can safely leave the plan of action to me."

"But—but," I stammered, "what is your plan of action? What are you going to do now?"
"I'm going to bed," he replied, yawning as he rose from his chair. "There's nothing more that can be done to-night."

Impatient as I was, and anxious though I was to alleviate Louise's fears at the earliest moment possible, I could not but feel that he was right. There was nothing that could be done that night. I showed him where the room was that I had engaged for him—next to mine—and, feeling much depressed and perplexed, was preparing to turn in when I was startled by a sharp rap on my door.

"Come in," I called, thinking, of course, it was Davis with some new theory to suggest.

Instead it was the clerk from the office below.

"You're wanted on the telephone," he said.

I had already taken off my coat and waistcoat and I did not wait to put them on. Just as I was I sped through the hall to the telephone booth. Who could it be that was calling me at this hour? It must be long after ten. I could think of only two persons who know of my being in this hotel, Louise and Hugh Crandall. I felt that it must be Louise. Why should Cran-

not call me at this time? What was the thing that had happened? That was it. Something terrible had happened! Katharine was dead, or perhaps her father. Perhaps both of them. Or maybe Katharine had spoken again. Perhaps she had given some information that Louise felt would aid me in the investigation that meant so much for both of us.

Isn't it strange how fast we can think? It could not have taken more than thirty seconds to race from my room to the telephone booth in the hall below, yet in that brief period all these thoughts and a hundred other queries and fears pursued each other in mad tumult through my brain.

Breathlessly I rushed into the booth and grabbed the receiver. It was the voice of Louise that I heard. Faint though it was, I recognized it at once, and was overjoyed to note that there was nothing in it of the sadness there would have been if the worst had come to her father or Katharine.

"Is that you, Mr. Kent?" she asked. "Yes, yes," I cried. "What is it?"
"This is Louise Farrah speaking. I want you to promise me that you will drop your investigation at once and return to the city."

"What's that?" I cried, not believing my ears.

"If you love me"—she was speaking slowly and enunciating with labored distinctness that there might be no mistake—"you will drop all investigation at once without any questions. Do you hear me? Repeat what I have said so I can be sure you understand."

Word for word I repeated her message, amazed beyond thought at its import. As I finished repeating it, I cried, "Why, tell me why—" but I heard the thud of the broken connection.

Frankly I called central. I pleaded, urged, demanded that she get the person at the other end of the wire again. It was no use. I called for the Farrah's number. Central reported, "Don't answer." I said that I had been called just now from there. After weary, impatient minutes of waiting and wrangling, she told me the call had come from another number, from a pay station. I demanded that number at once and finally she got it for me. It was a drug-store near the Farrah home. The druggist's clerk said that the young lady who had been telephoning had left the store. I tried to get him to send a messenger around to the Farrah's to ask Miss Louise Farrah to come to the telephone. He refused. It was useless. I was forced to give it up.

I emerged from the telephone booth perspiring, frantic, puzzled beyond measure at the sudden and startling turn in affairs.

What could have induced Louise to send me such a message? What could have happened?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

End of His Masquerade.
A wedding is about to take place in the German capital between a nursing sister and a young man who has been living the life of a beautiful and accomplished "lady" assistant in a leading wholesale coal firm. The assistant, who was given power of attorney by "her" employers as a reward for "her" several years of faithful service, recently had to go to the hospital on account of an accident. The physicians were astonished to discover that their patient was a man instead of a woman. It was only a day or two before he fell violently in love with the nurse who was attending him, and a marriage was arranged. A few days ago, the office assistant resumed "her" duties but clad in a fashionable morning coat and trousers instead of in a tight skirt and blouse.

Serious Misquotations.
A remark by the late Lord Lister led to his being wrongly identified with the "no bath" faddists, who avoid soap and water because they believe in the protective value of an unwashed skin. In a lecture Lord Lister said: "I never wash my hands"—the rhetorical point was accompanied with laughter—"immediately before an operation, but soak them in a solution of carbolic acid." The idea was that if soap, an alkali, were used, it would interfere with the antiseptic action of the acid. But only the first part of the sentence got into the papers.

Build Tiger Proof Houses
Malay Natives Perch Their Houses High Up in Trees to Escape Beasts.

The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high; but one which I came across was perched high up in a tree. It was the home of a man, his wife and family, and they informed me that it was placed in this unusual situation so as to be out of the way of the numerous tigers which then infested the neighborhood.

As tigers have been known to jump 18 feet in vertical height somewhere above 20 feet is considered to be the limit of safety. The Malayan house in a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan thatched with palm leaves and walled with plaited bamboo, or, as in this case, with the bark of a tree.

It is therefore an easy matter for a tiger with its great strength to break into a house and attack the inhabitants. Many instances of this have been recorded in Malaya. In one well known case a whole family were killed except one man, who climbed up into the roof, and thus escaping the notice of the tiger, was a horrified observer of the cruel mauling and ultimate slaughter and devouring of his relatives.—Strand.

Why Incubator Chicks Die
Groves Tasteless Chill Tonic Combines both in Tasteless form. The Quinine drives out Malaria and the Iron builds up the System. For Adults and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, recognized for 30 years throughout the South as the standard Malaria, Chills and Fever Remedy, and General Strengthening Tonic. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic, but you do not taste the bitter because the ingredients do not dissolve in the mouth but do dissolve readily in the acids of the stomach. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE on every box. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

"I don't see, though," I objected, "how anything that you have learned in any way connects this woman with the Farrah mystery."
"I told you there would be other suicides, didn't I?"
"It looks to me like a mere coincidence."

"How about the yellow letter she was reading?"
I started. For a moment I had forgotten the strange, tinted little that seemed to bind the Farrah tragedy, the Elser case and the Sarah Sackett suicide together in the terrible chain of mystery.

"We've got to find Hugh Crandall!" I exclaimed. "I will not be content until we do. There is no doubt in my mind that he is the author of those letters. We've got to find him, Davis, and make him explain. I promised the girl I love I would not rest until I had cleared away the mystery, until I had lifted the cloud that is hanging over her father and her sister. Nothing, nothing shall stand in the way! Think what it means to me! The one I love, the one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world, is living in constant dread of an unknown terror. I feel that Crandall is responsible. I am positive that he is guilty. Help me find him, Davis! We must find him!"

"As I spoke Davis sat regarding me with unmoved countenance. He puffed leisurely at his cigarette two or three times, and then, with cutting asperity, without the slightest indication of sympathy for my anxiety, said slowly:

"Harding, I told you that one of the reasons for my success was that I never undertake anything that I can not accomplish. I came out here to find the man who has been using the mails illegally to terrorize people to such an extent that they are driven to suicide. I am confident that we will quickly locate him and his accomplice in crime. Rest assured that you can safely leave the plan of action to me."

"But—but," I stammered, "what is your plan of action? What are you going to do now?"
"I'm going to bed," he replied, yawning as he rose from his chair. "There's nothing more that can be done to-night."

Impatient as I was, and anxious though I was to alleviate Louise's fears at the earliest moment possible, I could not but feel that he was right. There was nothing that could be done that night. I showed him where the room was that I had engaged for him—next to mine—and, feeling much depressed and perplexed, was preparing to turn in when I was startled by a sharp rap on my door.

"Come in," I called, thinking, of course, it was Davis with some new theory to suggest.

Instead it was the clerk from the office below.

"You're wanted on the telephone," he said.

I had already taken off my coat and waistcoat and I did not wait to put them on. Just as I was I sped through the hall to the telephone booth. Who could it be that was calling me at this hour? It must be long after ten. I could think of only two persons who know of my being in this hotel, Louise and Hugh Crandall. I felt that it must be Louise. Why should Cran-

not call me at this time? What was the thing that had happened? That was it. Something terrible had happened! Katharine was dead, or perhaps her father. Perhaps both of them. Or maybe Katharine had spoken again. Perhaps she had given some information that Louise felt would aid me in the investigation that meant so much for both of us.

Isn't it strange how fast we can think? It could not have taken more than thirty seconds to race from my room to the telephone booth in the hall below, yet in that brief period all these thoughts and a hundred other queries and fears pursued each other in mad tumult through my brain.

Breathlessly I rushed into the booth and grabbed the receiver. It was the voice of Louise that I heard. Faint though it was, I recognized it at once, and was overjoyed to note that there was nothing in it of the sadness there would have been if the worst had come to her father or Katharine.

"Is that you, Mr. Kent?" she asked. "Yes, yes," I cried. "What is it?"
"This is Louise Farrah speaking. I want you to promise me that you will drop your investigation at once and return to the city."

"What's that?" I cried, not believing my ears.

"If you love me"—she was speaking slowly and enunciating with labored distinctness that there might be no mistake—"you will drop all investigation at once without any questions. Do you hear me? Repeat what I have said so I can be sure you understand."

Word for word I repeated her message, amazed beyond thought at its import. As I finished repeating it, I cried, "Why, tell me why—" but I heard the thud of the broken connection.

Frankly I called central. I pleaded, urged, demanded that she get the person at the other end of the wire again. It was no use. I called for the Farrah's number. Central reported, "Don't answer." I said that I had been called just now from there. After weary, impatient minutes of waiting and wrangling, she told me the call had come from another number, from a pay station. I demanded that number at once and finally she got it for me. It was a drug-store near the Farrah home. The druggist's clerk said that the young lady who had been telephoning had left the store. I tried to get him to send a messenger around to the Farrah's to ask Miss Louise Farrah to come to the telephone. He refused. It was useless. I was forced to give it up.

I emerged from the telephone booth perspiring, frantic, puzzled beyond measure at the sudden and startling turn in affairs.

What could have induced Louise to send me such a message? What could have happened?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

End of His Masquerade.
A wedding is about to take place in the German capital between a nursing sister and a young man who has been living the life of a beautiful and accomplished "lady" assistant in a leading wholesale coal firm. The assistant, who was given power of attorney by "her" employers as a reward for "her" several years of faithful service, recently had to go to the hospital on account of an accident. The physicians were astonished to discover that their patient was a man instead of a woman. It was only a day or two before he fell violently in love with the nurse who was attending him, and a marriage was arranged. A few days ago, the office assistant resumed "her" duties but clad in a fashionable morning coat and trousers instead of in a tight skirt and blouse.

Serious Misquotations.
A remark by the late Lord Lister led to his being wrongly identified with the "no bath" faddists, who avoid soap and water because they believe in the protective value of an unwashed skin. In a lecture Lord Lister said: "I never wash my hands"—the rhetorical point was accompanied with laughter—"immediately before an operation, but soak them in a solution of carbolic acid." The idea was that if soap, an alkali, were used, it would interfere with the antiseptic action of the acid. But only the first part of the sentence got into the papers.

Build Tiger Proof Houses
Malay Natives Perch Their Houses High Up in Trees to Escape Beasts.

The ordinary Malay house is built on posts from five to seven feet high; but one which I came across was perched high up in a tree. It was the home of a man, his wife and family, and they informed me that it was placed in this unusual situation so as to be out of the way of the numerous tigers which then infested the neighborhood.

As tigers have been known to jump 18 feet in vertical height somewhere above 20 feet is considered to be the limit of safety. The Malayan house in a frail and flimsy structure of sticks tied together with rattan thatched with palm leaves and walled with plaited bamboo, or, as in this case, with the bark of a tree.

It is therefore an easy matter for a tiger with its great strength to break into a house and attack the inhabitants. Many instances of this have been recorded in Malaya. In one well known case a whole family were killed except one man, who climbed up into the roof, and thus escaping the notice of the tiger, was a horrified observer of the cruel mauling and ultimate slaughter and devouring of his relatives.—Strand.

Why Incubator Chicks Die
Groves Tasteless Chill Tonic Combines both in Tasteless form. The Quinine drives out Malaria and the Iron builds up the System. For Adults and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, recognized for 30 years throughout the South as the standard Malaria, Chills and Fever Remedy, and General Strengthening Tonic. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic, but you do not taste the bitter because the ingredients do not dissolve in the mouth but do dissolve readily in the acids of the stomach. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE on every box. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Bowels Get Weak As Age Advances

The First Necessity is to Keep the Bowels Gently Open With a Mild Laxative Tonic

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be